



FAWCETT



No. 94

12¢

Dennis the Menace





WHAT IS A BOY?

Between the innocence of babyhood and the dignity of manhood we find a delightful creature called a boy. Boys come in assorted sizes, weights, and colors, but all boys have the same creed: To enjoy every second of every minute of every hour of every day and to protest with noise (their only weapon) when their last minute is finished and the adult males pack them off to bed at night.

Boys are found everywhere—on top of, underneath, inside of, climbing on, swinging from, running around, or jumping to. Mothers love them, little girls hate them, older sisters and brothers tolerate them, adults ignore them, and Heaven protects them. A boy is Truth with dirt on its face, Beauty with a cut on its finger. Wisdom with bubble gum in its hair, and the Hope of the future with a frog in its pocket.

When you are busy, a boy is an inconsiderate, bothersome, intruding jangle of noise. When you want him to make a good impression, his brain turns to jelly or else he becomes a savage, sadistic, jungle creature bent on destroying the world and himself with it.

A boy is a composite—he has the appetite of a horse, the digestion of a sword swallower, the energy of a pocket-size atomic

bomb, the curiosity of a cat, the lungs of a dictator, the imagination of a Paul Bunyan, the shyness of a violet, the audacity of a steeltrap, the enthusiasm of a fire cracker, and when he makes something he has five thumbs on each hand.

He likes ice cream, knives, saws, Christmas, comic books, the boy across the street, woods, water (in its natural habitat), large animals, Dad, trains, Saturday mornings, and fire engines. He is not much for Sunday School, company, schools, books without pictures, music lessons, neckties, barbers, girls, overcoats, adults, or bedtime.

Nobody else is so early to rise, or so late to supper. Nobody else gets so much fun out of trees, dogs, and breezes. Nobody else can cram into one pocket a rusty knife, a half-eaten apple, 3 feet of string, an empty Bull Durham sack, 2 gum drops, 6 cents, a sling shot, a chunk of unknown substance, and a genuine super-sonic code ring with a secret compartment.

A boy is a magical creature—you can lock him out of your work shop, but you can't lock him out of your heart. You can get him out of your study, but you can't get him out of your mind. Might as well give up—he is your captor, your jailer, your boss, and your master—a freckled-face, pint-sized, cat-chasing, bundle of noise. But when you come home at night with only the shattered pieces of your hopes and dreams, he can mend them like new with the two magic words—"Hi Dad!" —BY ALAN BECK

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Peachy Teaching



How come I gotta go to a **NEW** school? Did I get **FIRED** from my reg'lar one?

No, no, Dennis. They're trying out a **NEW SYSTEM** of teaching.



How come **YOU'RE** going to school, Joey? You're too **LITTLE!**

Mama says it's a **NEW KINDA** school!



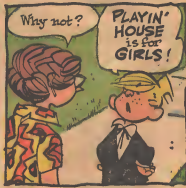
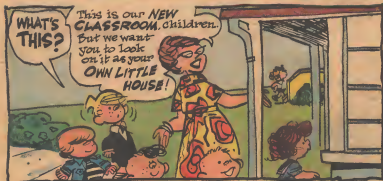
She just wants to get **RID** of ya, like **MY** Mom!

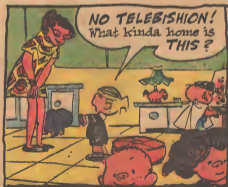
DOES NOT!




"DENNIS THE MENACE", CREATED BY HANK KETCHAM, APPEARS IN OVER 700 NEWSPAPERS . . . IN 43 COUNTRIES . . . IN 14 LANGUAGES!










Just find some-
thing that **INTERESTS**
you... besides
television.

Well... okay.



Say!
These
numbers
feel
FUNNY!

Yes... they have
SANDPAPER
on them



You see... you **FEEL** the
sandpaper number with
your
fingers...

Yeah?

...and that helps you
remember the **SHAPE** of the
number when you **WRITE** it.



How 'BOUT
that!



These
sandpaper
numbers
are
KEEN!

They're helping
you to **WRITE**?



Yeah... an'
they **CLEAN**
SHOES good,
too...

You're taking all the **COLOR** off your shoes!



Well, they're **CLEAN!**

I see. If **THAT'S** what interests you....



...now you can **POLISH** your shoes.

Gee! All by **MYSELF?**



Er... Dennis. That's **BLACK** polish you're putting on your **BROWN** shoes.



Listen to me, Dennis. Don't you know the **DIFFERENCE** between black and brown!

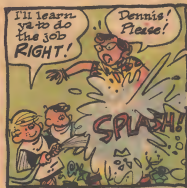
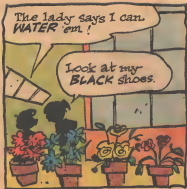
Oh, sure!



Then why....?

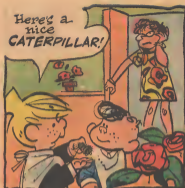
I want my **BROWN** shoes to be **BLACK!**







That's **ANOTHER** thing ya gotta learn... teachers are awful **NERVOUS!**



Here's a nice **CATERPILLAR!**



We can learn something even from this **CATERPILLAR**, boys and girls!

He can't **TALK**



See what a **BEAUTIFUL** little creature it is?

Mr. Wilson says she's **en!**



Here's somethin' **ELSE** ya can learn 'bout caterpillars!

What?



EEEEEEK! They **TICKLE!**

I oughta bop
you, Dennig!

I thought
you'd be
LAUGHIN'!



Time for cookies and juice,
children ..

Oboy! Let's
grab a **GOOD
SEAT, Joey!**



Under the **NEW**
system, you get
your **OWN** cookies.

Huh! We
USED
to get
some
SERVICE!



I dunno if
I **LIKE** this
new school .

**I
do!**

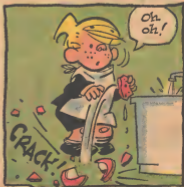


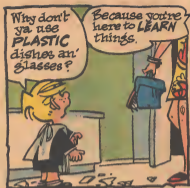
That's it... one
wash, one dry...

Work,
work,
work!



Oh,
oh!



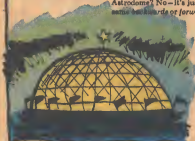


Well, Miss Henry... are the children making themselves **AT HOME**?



WORLD OF WORDS!

PALINDROMES • What is the world is a "palindrome?" Something like the Houston Astrodome? No—it's just a word, or a group of words, that reads the same backwards or forwards.



HERE ARE SOME SIMPLE ONES--
MOM POP TOT



They spell the same backwards and forwards, get it?

Is this word a palindrome:
MOTHER?

Spell it backwards, and you get
REHTOM, so it's not a palindrome.

But this one is:
MADAM

Funny thing:
EVE was one,
but **ADAM** wasn't!



There are some interesting stories about palindromes. One concerns Napoleon. As you know, he conquered most of Europe until he was defeated and shipped off to prison on the island of Elba.

As he thought of his great fall, from conquerer of Europe to living on the little island of Elba, he is reported to have formed this famous palindrome: **"ABLE WAS IERE I SAW ELBA."**

Spell it backwards, and it says the same thing. ("Ere" was a poetical way of saying "Before.")



Another palindrome was made up about our Panama Canal.

A French firm had tried to dig this canal, and failed. Then the United States took over and our Army Engineers, under General George W. Goethals, figured out how to do it.

This gave rise to a popular palindrome about General Goethals and the Canal:

"A MAN, A PLAN, A CANAL—PANAMA!"

(You have to break up the words in spelling this one backwards.)

The WONDERFUL

Where in the world did our words come from anyway? Some of them are thousands of years old, and some started in ways that may surprise you! Here are just a few;—



CANDIDATE

In ancient Rome, politicians wore a white robe to show that they were running for some public office. Perhaps the white stood out better in a crowd. Anyway, the Latin name for "white" is "candidus," and from this we got our word "candidate." Our candidates for public office don't necessarily wear white any more—but maybe that's why the "good guys" on TV wear white hats and ride white horses!



SLOGAN

In our political campaigns, and in advertising, we often find "slogans"—phrases that stick in our minds. But a "slogan" once meant fighting words; actually, "A War Cry of the Clan." In Scotland, the word "slaugh" meant "army"; and the word "gairm" meant a "call." So an "army-call" was a "slaugh-gairm," which we have made into "slogan."

ASSASSIN

We all know that "assassin" means a hired killer. But how did we get such a strange word? Centuries ago, in Persia, a secret group was formed to kill Christians and other enemies. To get up nerve for these killings, the members of this group took a drug called "hashish" and so they were known, in Arabic, as "hashhashin"—pretty close to our English word today.



NEIGHBOR

Are your next-door neighbors *farmers*? In Old England, almost everybody was a farmer. In Anglo-Saxon, the word for "near" was "neah," and the word for "farmer" was "gebur." So a nearby farmer was a "neah-gebur," which we have turned into "neighbor."



Peninsular **JUDO** ACADEMY

LEARN!!! RESPECT,
SELF-CONTROL!
PATIENCE! HUMILITY!
COURAGE!!

Hm! Maybe
Dennis could
get something
good out
of this!

This is a **JUDO** school,
Dennis. Let's go in and take
a look.

I'm not goin' to
no school on
SATURDAY!

This is something
DIFFERENT!

A school's a
SCHOOL!

May I
help
you?

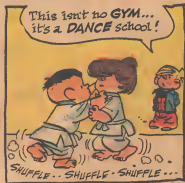
We thought we'd look
around, if you don't
mind.

Pssst,
Dad.

We don't
wanna
BOTHER this
guy, Dad. He's
still in
his
pajamas!



I wonder if my boy is too **LITTLE** for Judo?



* means one point for a good throw

Take off your shoes if you want to go on the mat, Sonny.

Okay. I LIKE to go barefeet!



What's that you're doin'?

I'm learning how to...



...FALL!

WAPI!



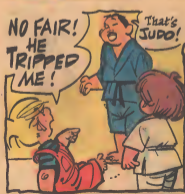
Ho! I can do THAT!

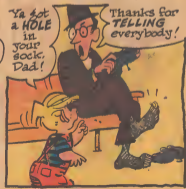
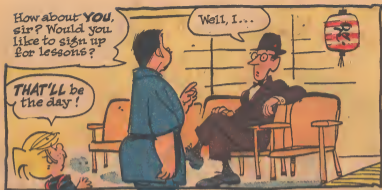


See?

Uh-huh. But it's not JUDO.







Put your left arm across your chest, palm up.



Turn and **BEAT** the floor!



Right arm across your chest....



Turn and beat the floor!



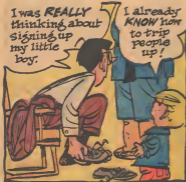
And that's how we learn to break our fall. You know you have **VERY** good coordination.

REALLY?



Sign up for course, please?





I was **REALLY** thinking about signing up my little boy.

I already **KNOW** how to trip people up!



Oh, that's not **ALL** there is to Judo.

Bangin' 'em on the ground, too huh?



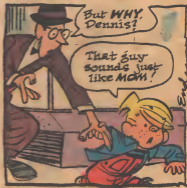
Yes, but we also teach **Respect...**
Self-control...



Patience...
Humility...
Courage...



LET'S GET OUTTA HERE, DAD!

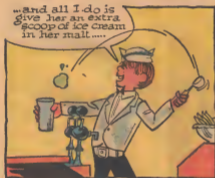


But **WHY**, Dennis?

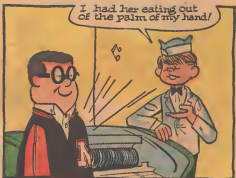
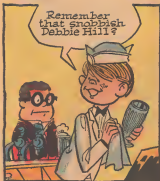
That guy sounds just like **MOM!**

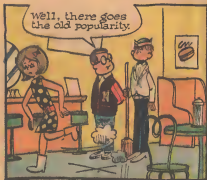
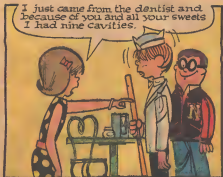
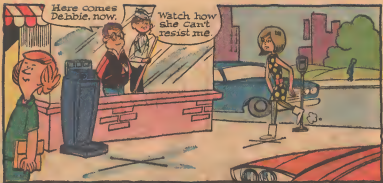
End

MELVIN









SPY STUFF

MORNING

You guys are **LATE!** I already had **THREE BOWLS** of cereal!

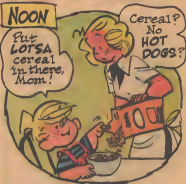
Cereal? Don't you want ham and eggs?



NOON

Put **LOTS** cereal in there, Mom!

Cereal? No **HOT DOGS?**



AND NIGHT

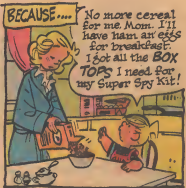
I'm just havin' **CEREAL** for supper.

Cereal? No roast beef and mashed potatoes?



BECAUSE....

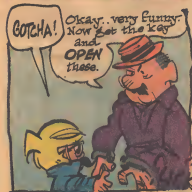
No more cereal for me, Mom. I'll have ham an' eggs for breakfast. I got all the **BOX TOPS** I need for my Super Spy Kit!

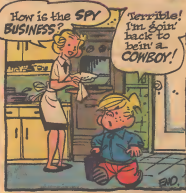


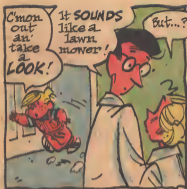
















Ready to use your snow mower.

WHAT?

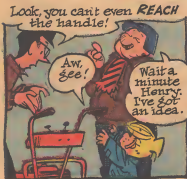
Oh-oh! You DID say a CHILD could use it!



Not THIS child! He'd WRECK it in no time!

Gee, I got lotsa JOBS lined up! The Johnsons, the Wards, the Davises...

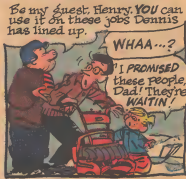
Now, Dennis...



Look, you can't even REACH the handle!

Aw, gee!

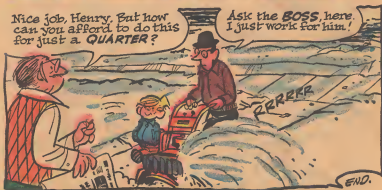
Wait a minute Henry. I've got an idea.



Be my guest, Henry. YOU can use it on these jobs Dennis has lined up.

WHAA...?

I PROMISED these People, Dad! They're WAITIN!



Nice job, Henry. But how can you afford to do this for just a QUARTER?

Ask the BOSS, here. I just work for him!

RRRRRR

END.

the Cookie Jar

WHAT IS A GIRL?

Little girls are the nicest things that happen to people. They are born with a little bit of angel-shine about them and though it wears thin sometimes, there is always enough left to lasso your heart—even when they are sitting in the mud, or crying temperamental tears, or parading up the street in mother's best clothes.

A little girl can be sweeter (and badder) oftener than anyone else in the world. She can jitter around, and stomp, and make funny noises that frazzle your nerves, yet just when you open your mouth, she stands there demure with that special look in her eyes. A girl is Innocence playing in the mud, Beauty standing on its head, and Motherhood dragging a doll by the foot.

Girls are available in five colors—black, white, red, yellow, or brown, yet Mother Nature always manages to select your favorite color when you place your order. They disprove the law of supply and demand—there are millions of little girls, but each is as precious as rubies.

God borrows from many creatures to make a little girl. He uses the song of a bird, the squeal of a pig, the stubbornness of a mule, the antics of a monkey, the spryness of a grasshopper, the curiosity of a cat, the speed of a gazelle, the slyness of a fox, the softness of a kitten, and to top it all off He adds the mysterious mind of a woman.

A little girl likes new shoes, party dresses, small animals, first grade, noise makers, the girl next door, dolls, make-believe, dancing lessons, ice cream, kitchens, coloring books, make-up, cans of water, going visiting, tea parties, and one boy. She doesn't care so much for visitors, boys in general, large dogs, hand-me-downs, straight chairs, vegetables, snow suits, or staying in the front yard. She is loudest when you are thinking, the prettiest when she has pro-

voked you, the busiest at bedtime, the quietest when you want to show her off, and the most flirtatious when she absolutely must not get the best of you again.

Who else can cause you more grief, joy, irritation, satisfaction, embarrassment, and genuine delight than this combination of Eve, Salome, and Florence Nightingale? She can muss up your home, your hair, and your dignity—spend your money, your time, and your temper—then just when your patience is ready to crack, her sunshine peeks through and you've lost again.

Yes, she is a nerve-racking nuisance, just a noisy bundle of mischief. But when your dreams tumble down and the world is a mess—when it seems you are pretty much of a fool after all—she can make you a king when she climbs on your knee and whispers, "I love you best of all!"

—BY ALAN BECK



Dennis the Menace The FIXIT MAN

Hi, sonny. I'm the Fixit Man.
Your Mother called for...



Oboy! Am I glad to see you!

See all them wiggly lines?

That shouldn't be hard to fix. But I thought your Mother called about ...



Maybe I got my phone calls mixed up!

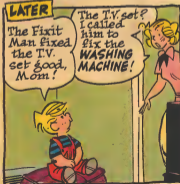
You got the T.V. set fixed GOOD!



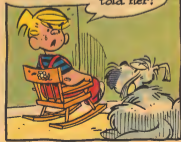
LATER

The Fixit Man fixed the T.V. set good, Mom!

The T.V. set? I called him to fix the **WASHING MACHINE!**



Which is more important... T.V. or clean clothes? **THAT'S** what I shoulda told her!



Scanned by Jojo

